

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE GRUMBLER

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chief's aung you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prant it!"

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

A Prophetic Warning!

Buried beneath this fertile land
A monster lies, who spreads his giant length
And breadth, here, there, on every hand
We heed him not forsooth! until his strength
In ceaseless strivings to convulse
Pats forth the heaving efforts of his breathe
Quick'ning a nation's stagnant pulse,
And threatening it with an inglorious death!
Shall such things be? and Britons near
To lend a hand, our holy cause to save!
Rise Sons of Albion! cast off fear,
Let no false, mawkish charity deprave
The dauntless spirit of your sires.
But draw the sword, nor sheath it once again,
Until the foe, beap'd on the fires,
That smoulder in our midst, thro' wood and plain,
Be utterly consum'd like dross.
Defer not, till the evil hour hath come
But strike ere we can count our loss,
Then, not till then shall ev'ry foe be dumb.
Strike home for Britains Faith and Laws,
Gird on the panoply your Sires bequeath'd
Brook no delay, no drivelling pause,
Then be your manly brows with laurels wreath'd
Spirit of Cranmer! Ridley! rise
Ye who at Smithfield yonr last life drop shed,
Inspire us with the high emprise
Of Christian warriors and Saints that bled.
Hail to the Assyrian tyrant
Who on the plains of Dura sets his God
And o'er each perverse recreant
Wields unrelenting, his fierce fiery rod
(Because he will not bow the knee
Obedient to his mock divinity.)
Give me the Pagan priest who cites
The Christain 'fore his judgment seat aghast!
And 'cause he will not bow to idol rites,
Casts him to Lions, mid't the dust.

Give me the cruelty of Him,
Candid, relentless, prophet of the sword,
Who sacrifices life and limb,
To rule with scemalar and not the Word
But save me from the treachery
Of him who bows the knee at sacred fane
While bent on human butchery!
Breathes love, but grasps the deadly pike amain,
Scatters 'mong dark confederates
Weapons which dare not see the light of day
Till the propitious fates,
Cry out, to plunge them in, nor brooks delay!

Mr. Brown's Remedy.

Such is the name of a long tirade of abuse against the Hon. George Brown in the *Irish Canadian* of this week. We always thought that the *Irish Canadian* was a rebel, but never did we imagine for a moment that any paper which claimed to be circulated amongst respectable people, could vomit forth such crazy nonsense as is contained in the last issue of that paper. The Editor must have written the article in question whilst troubled with the night mare of the worst description or whilst suffering under well merited reproof administered in the shape of a certain lecture. The *Irish Canadian* since its first issue has heaped abuse upon all Protestants and written fiercely against the British Constitution, and yet the Editor has the bare-faced effrontery to blame the Hon. Mr Brown for setting the Protestants against the Roman Catholics. If any one takes the trouble to look over the fyle of the *Irish Canadian* he will see that journal, or rather that apology for a journal, has always bitterly opposed the possible union of the "orange and green." It's not long since an article appeared in that paper condemning the taking office of the Hon. D'Arcy McGee with the Protestants. "Live and let live" is not the doctrine of the *Irish Canadian*, it goes for "down with everything that smacks not of Roman Catholicism. The Editor seems to blame George Brown because the Fenians were not fortunate enough to dash the brains out of some harmless orangemen on the 5th. He seems to us to be itching for a fight, and because he did not have one to chronicle in his issue after the 5th he is indignant. If he is so anxious for broken heads, let him run his own against the wall. The spilling of his brains, if he has any, would be a relief to the community at large and would secure the peace and well-fare of the citizens of Toronto.

What a howl the *Irish Canadian* would have raised had the Orangemen walked the streets as did the Fenians on the Fifth, it would have been the loudest in denouncing the inactivity of the Mayor and city officials, but it is impossible to

please such Fenians as the Editor of the *Irish Canadian*. If there had been a fight and they got whipped, which they would have been, they would have claimed the protection of the law and like Shilosh have gone for their "bard" and nothing but their "bard," and now that they did not have a fight they felt as if they had been robbed of something which they possessed. The *Irish Canadian* exhorts all Fenians to "look the danger straight in the face, and take counsel one with another. What danger does it allude to, is it the violence which will be offered by the Fenians to each other? is it possible that there are divisions in the camp already? We know of no dangers which have been offered by any other body. The Fenians were themselves, or at least sought hard to be the culprits.

The longer a man lives the more he learns, and the sage who manufactures the thunder for the *Irish Canadian* hints at some hostile majority, now lashed into frenzied anger by the incendiary appeals of the "Protestant Press." That sentence it seems to us must be a misprint, it should read Roman "Catholic Press." There is no "hostile majority" opposed to the Roman Catholics from ranks of the Protestants, in fact the latter have always been too liberal to the Roman Catholics in giving them rights and privileges which they did not deserve. The *Irish Canadian* is anxious for the re-enacting in our streets of doings and lawless outrages like those which were perpetrated in Belfast.

The *Globe* in suggesting the bringing to bear against the Fenians, of the bayonets of the regulars, suggests that which would do them most good, and if each Fenian was transfixed with a bayonet, either of a soldier of the 16th Regiment or the Militia, it would be better for themselves and their friends. The *Irish Canadian* prides itself upon the strength of the Fenian party, perhaps they have over-estimated their numbers, and when the hour of trial comes they'll find that the ranks of the spoilers will not be so closely filled in as they hoped for.

The following passage in the article in which we are writing—is of grave importance "we have an odd idea that Her Majesty's handful of troops in this Province are likely to find other work before long."

One of the order of the Fenian brotherhood has interpreted this knotty sentence to us—He says a raid is to be made upon Canada during this winter, just as soon as the ice in the St. Lawrence is strong enough to bear them, and when direct water communication is cut off with the mother country, then and not till then are the Fenians in the United States to march over here and re-enact the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew."